23

The Critic

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The wild heather round me and over me June's high blue,
When I look'd at the bracken so bright and the heather so brown,
I thought to myself I would offer this book to you,
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Our hymn to the sun. They sing it. Let us go.'

HYMN

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Thee the Godlike, thee the changeless, in thine ever-changing skies.

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True gentleman, heart, blood and bone,
I would it had been my lot
To have seen thee, and heard thee, and known.

'The Church-Warden and the Curate,' written in dialect, revives memories of 'The Northern Farmer' ballads, 'The Northern Cobbler' and 'The Village Wife.' The verses entitled 'Charity' tell a pathetic story; and the stanzas 'Riflemen, Form!,' first published more than forty years ago, are full of strength and the martial movement with which we were made familiar in 'The Charge of the Light Brigade.'

As Tennysonian in manner as any is the brief lyric entitled 'The Tourney' and the pretty song 'The Bee and the Flower,' which Maid Marian sings in 'The Foresters'; and both 'Poets and Critics' will be consoled and encouraged by these lines, which are addressed to them:—

This thing, that thing is the rage,
Helter-skelter runs the age;
Minds on this round earth of ours
Vary like the leaves and flowers,
Fashion'd after certain laws;
Sing thou low or loud or sweet,
All at all points thou canst not meet,
Some will pass and some will pause.

What is true at last will tell:
Few at first will place thee well;
Some too low would have thee shine,
Some too high—no fault of thine—
Hold thine own, and work thy will!
Year will graze the heel of year,
But seldom comes the poet here,
And the Critic's rarer still.

The two short poems, 'Faith' and 'God and the Universe,' deal with the serious thoughts inspired by the realization that the end was close at hand, and both of them exhibit the nobility of character, the serene hopefulness, and the strong belief in an endless after-life, which were ever conspicuous features in all of the Laureate's verse. The second of these runs as follows:—

I

Will my tiny spark of being wholly vanish in your deeps and heights?
Must my day be dark by reason, O ye Heavens, of your boundless nights,
Rush of Suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery clash of meteorites?

II

'Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state,
Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,
Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener of the Gate.'

At the Laureate's funeral, on Wednesday, Oct. 12, the choir of Westminster Abbey sang two of his poems—'Crossing the Bar' and 'The Silent Voices.' The latter was set to music by his wife, to whom he had dedicated it only a few days before his death. It appears in this his latest book. It is a beautiful bit, of only ten lines:—

THE SILENT VOICES*

When the dumb Hour, clothed in black,
Brings the Dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent Voices of the dead,
Toward the lowland ways behind me,
And the sunlight that is gone.
Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On, and always on!

The life and writings of him whose body was so recently entombed in the Abbey have been among the most potent influences for good in the world during the last half-century. Rather than be saddened by the thought that this is the last book we shall have from his hands, let us be glad for the glorious line of volumes of noble poetry he has given to us and to those who shall come after us.

*The Death of Œnone, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. $1.25. Macmillan & Co.

*Copyright, 1892, by Macmillan & Co.

"Three Episodes in Massachusetts History" *

In these two handsome volumes Mr. Charles Francis Adams reviews the history of the region surrounding Massachusetts Bay. So far from its being a hasty essay, the abundant material has been wrought into form by the studies, presentations and representations of many years.

The story opens with a description of the 'new-found Golgotha,' as Eastern Massachusetts was called, after the plague had swept away most of the Indians in 1616–17. The episodes of the Argonauts of Boston Bay (Miles Standish and his exploiting crew), of Squanto, 'Preston's rude fellows,' and the Maypole of Merry Mount, are all restated afresh. The old sands of history are resifted, with the gain of many a shining flake and an occasional nugget. The author's good right hand of strength and literary charm are fully manifested in depicting the conflict between the royal and the Puritan parties. Sir Ferdinand Gorges, in a sense not used by the Baptists, was in close communion with Archbishop Laud, and knew what went on in the Colonial Council chamber. Yet despite his trans-Atlantic allies and advantages he was beaten. The Puritans won the day for freedom, and Gorges disappeared from history, and in 1647 from the world. The story of the Puritan victory is full of interesting detail, and we believe has never been written so fully, certainly never so engagingly, as in this work.

'Episode' No. 2 takes us into the field of church history, and indeed into the theology, social life and intellectual atmosphere of early New England. 'The Antinomian Controversy' is described, and the figures of Mistress Anne Hutchinson and Sir Harry Vane and the Revs. John Wheelwright, Cotton, Davenport and Shepard are clothed with reality as we read. The theological disputes concerning grace and works make evident the sad plight of one born before her or his proper time. Being at least two centuries before either 'the enfranchisement of women' or the 'new theology,' Mistress Hutchinson had to fly from intolerant Puritan-land to hospitable and tolerant New Netherland. The story of this great tempest in the ecclesiastical teapot which, in details, reminds one, who knows the persons involved, of the late Andover prosecution, is told in cold blood by Mr. Adams. His provoking coolness in handling the ashes once so fiery reminds us of our boyhood's remembrance of the man who enjoyed swallowing hot coals. With plenty of the liquid storax of agnosticism on his tongue, Mr. Adams seems able to touch with impunity once sizzling themes. At many minor points he differs from other writers, and indeed we fear that while settling the Antinomian controversy, his rather free criticisms will stir up another and a fresher one. The Boston *Evening Transcript's* Saturday column of queries will doubtless bloom afresh.

'Episode' No. 3 is substantially the local history of the town of Braintree. Yet it is the kind of history that the philosophic mind enjoys, and the reading of it will be good anywhere in the Republic. Local details and picturesque incidents are not indeed lacking, but in substance the history is one of thought and action in the domains of ethics, politics and religion during a quarter of a millenium. In those days, the church was the club, and an ample substitute for the newspaper, railway and telegraph.

Tempted as we are to copy out many a luminous sentence, mirth-provoking incident, or lively episode, we forbear, for lack of space, and recommend our readers to enjoy these old stories, so freshly, racily and skilfully told as to be practically new. Heartily also do we sympathize with Mr. Adams in his just and intelligent criticism of artists, poets and historiographers who have needlessly idealized the persons or distorted the facts. From the Forefathers' Day orator to the rotunda picture-painter, and even to Longfellow, there have been shocking and wanton departures from the truth. From our own reading of the original chronicles, withal familiar with the historic ground, we can cordially subscribe to the author's complaint (p. 95). With him, also, we hope that 'the time may come when a school of historical poets and painters shall arise who will deal truthfully and vigorously with these scenes. * * * The real facts are good enough, strong enough and picturesque enough for anyone, be he historian, poet, or painter. They certainly have not yet been, nor are they likely soon to be, improved upon.'

* Three Episodes in Massachusetts History. By Charles Francis Adams. 2 vols. $4. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Moorehead's "Primitive Man in Ohio" *

After Mr. Moorehead's creditable work on 'Fort Ancient,' his present volume, with its pretentious title and its meagre contents, is a decided disappointment. Apart from the work of his collaborators—to be presently noticed,—it consists mainly of descriptions of the opening of many burial-mounds, chiefly in the central and southern parts of Ohio, and especially in the localities in which he had been preceded by Squier and Davis more than forty years. His excavations have added very little to the extensive knowledge of the archæology of that region which had been gained by their admirable work, while his descriptions and conclusions evince a sad inferiority to the clear discernment and philosophical temper displayed by his eminent predecessors. To their general accuracy of statement and scrupulous caution in judgment, he himself bears emphatic testimony.

Mr. Moorehead gives no attention to the vast earthworks, in the form of enclosures, parallel walls, animal mounds, and the like, which are by far the most interesting and significant relics of the early population. They are beyond the scope of his present work, in which we follow him from 'Mound Number One' to 'Mound Number Forty-three,' in a wearisome monotony of trenches, decayed skeletons and buried implements of the usual commonplace description. There are, however, two or three finds recorded by him of somewhat exceptional importance. In a large mound near Chilicothe were found many portions of logs, some of them nearly a foot in diameter, which had been cut off with stone axes. Some of these logs were planted in a stockade, while others formed a 'hut or pen, ten feet wide and twelve feet long, built up by crossing the logs at the corners in the usual fashion.' The object of this peculiar erection is not made apparent. In another mound, which had already been partly explored by Squier and Davis, were found more than eight thousand 'flint-disks,' the carefully prepared material for implements to be manufactured by the aboriginal artisans. This vast store, a notable monument of native industry, has been preserved for the Columbus 'World's Fair.' Elsewhere were found, near together, two deposits of wrought copper, aggregating two hundred and thirty-five pieces. They comprised 'sheets worked into fantastic designs, squares and semi-circles, Swastika crosses, effigies of birds and fishes, anklets and bracelets, combs and pendants, large and small celts, and, in short, every known form of copper implement or ornament.' All of these have likewise been retained for the great Exposition.

Three of the best chapters of the volume have been added by other hands. In the first chapter of the book, Dr. H. T. Cresson, the experienced archæologist of Philadelphia, has given a careful summary of the palæolithic finds of the ice age in Ohio, which have followed and confirmed the famous discoveries of Dr. Abbott in New Jersey. And in the concluding chapter he has furnished a scientific description of the 'crania and skeletons' which have been unearthed in that region by the recent researches, with comparative measurements. Not less interesting, and still more striking, is the excellent account given in Chapter IV., by Mr. Gerard Fowke, of the remarkable deposit, known as Flint Ridge, near the centre of the State, which supplied, in rocks of exceedingly hard and exquisitely beautiful chalcedony, the most highly-prized material of the native stone implements of all descriptions. This deposit comprised originally, according to Mr. Fowke's estimate, an extent of

* Primitive Man in Ohio. By Warren K. Moorehead. $3. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

fully thirty square miles, with an average thickness of four or five feet. All this enormous mass, except about four square miles, has been broken up and carried away by the native miners, in the persistent labors of many centuries. Objects manufactured from this stone 'surpass in beauty and brilliancy the finest agates or carnelians.' They have been recognized over a wide territory, from Virginia to Illinois, among other evidences of an extensive commerce. Of the artistic talent of the workmen there can be no question. Mr. Bennett, the capable artist, who has ably illustrated the volume, declares that some of their works 'bespeak a clearly conceived idea, a definite motive and vigorous execution, not inferior to the predominant motives of early Mediterranean decorative art.'

After these statements there seems a grotesque incongruity in adding that the special 'purpose' of Mr. Moorehead's book, as announced by him, is to prove that the so-called Moundbuilders were merely ordinary 'savages,' who had not made even 'an approach toward civilization.' This 'primitive man' of Ohio, we are told, 'instead of living peacefully in villages and improving a country unequalled in natural resources, spent his time in petty warfare or savage worship, and in the observance of the grossest superstitions.' Nothing more is needed than the evidence of the author's own publications to show that these conclusions are utterly at variance with the known facts. He himself remarks (page 81) that the magnitude of such a work as 'Fort Ancient' implies 'the prolonged and continuous industry of a numerous population.' But a large population cannot be maintained without agriculture; and continuous industry cannot be carried on during perpetual warfare, such as is waged by savages. There is every indication that the people who reared the great earthworks and other ancient constructions of the Ohio valley had not merely villages but large towns, permanently established, under a regular and settled government. Permanent towns, the abode of citizens (*cives*), imply civilization, which may exist without metals and without letters. Whether the Moundbuilders were addicted to 'savage worship' and 'gross superstitions,' like the civilized people of ancient Egypt and Greece and of modern Hindostan, we have no means of judging, though it is probable enough. But it is certain that they were industrious farmers and miners, skilful artisans, and enterprising traders. The pre-Columbian civilizations of America, in their various forms, as they once existed on the great plateaus of Central and North America, and in the Ohio and Mississippi plains, and as they still partly survive in the Pueblo villages of New Mexico and Arizona, are among the most interesting and valuable subjects of study in historical and social science. While recognizing the zealous industry displayed by Mr. Moorehead in his recent researches, one can only regret they have been carried on under preconceived notions, which detract seriously from their usefulness.

Mr. Sherman's "Little-Folk Lyrics" *

THIS TEMPTING little volume is a prelude to the happy burst of children's voices soon to herald in Kris Kringle, king of the dying year and forerunner of the one unborn. Stockings are already lengthening, quills are already sharpening in anticipation of the glad event, the golden antithesis of the autumnal season of 'meadows brown and sere.' To write for little folk is a rare privilege and a rare gift. No more exacting critics exist than the wee prattlers who listen to nursery tales or nursery verse at one's knees, pricking up keen ears for a false note or an inartistic or improbable ending. The very improbabilities must be 'true'—true to the infant word and the infantile experience; or woe to the luckless *litterateur* who ventures on this difficult ground. The eternal youth of Mother Goose is vouchsafed to few rhymesters; the mixture of realism and comedy in which she delights touches the child's soul at a fundamental point, and sets it dancing with inconsequent glee.

Mr. Sherman's simple lyrics throw into charming form many of the sights and sounds of the child-drama, the little incidents of child-life, the matter-of-fact yet musical setting within which it throbs, its mixture of ideality and iron-bound fact. His collection begins with a calendar of the months, which run musically in and out his rhymes from January to December, each bearing its emblem or its characteristic—snowy, leafy, showery, icy, or fruitful, just such as an observant child would notice and treasure up. These twelve lyrics are followed by 'Spring-Time,' 'Blossoms,' 'Golden-Rod,' 'Anemone' and 'Daisy,' all loved of children, and interwoven with their plastic imaginations from the word 'go.' Orchards and meadows, smiles and tears, winds and dewdrops, cherries and pebbles follow with their tinkle and tintinnabulation of childish rhyme, varying with kites and canaries, tops and clouds, snowflakes and dreams: all bright and winsome facts in little folks' lives, here clad in graceful garments of verse easy to be remembered. The music of bird and rain-harp, of bees and elf-lamps, of waterfalls and fairy-dance enters into this magic realm of child-verse, and each is dramatized with a sprightly or a vivid epithet, like a jewel in its ear, hung there for hope or memory. The prettiest of the verses, to our mind, and a good specimen of the whole, is the following:—

WIZARD FROST

Wondrous things have come to pass
On my square of window-glass.
Looking in it I have seen
Grass no longer painted green,
Trees whose branches never stir,
Skies without a cloud to blur,
Birds below them sailing high,
Church-spires pointing to the sky.
And a funny little town
Where the people, up and down
Streets of silver, to me seem
Like the people in a dream,
Dressed in finest kinds of lace:
'Tis a picture, on a space
Scarcely larger than the hand,
Of a tiny Switzerland,
Which the wizard Frost has drawn
'Twixt the nightfall and the dawn.
Quick! and see what he has done
Ere 'tis stolen by the Sun.

Mr. Scollard's "Songs of Sunrise Lands" *

NO RECENT VOLUME of poems by an American poet of his generation excels Mr. Clinton Scollard's 'Songs of Sunrise Lands.' It is full of promise and of actual performance. Gifted with a charming fancy, a ready imagination and a rare sense of rhyme and rhythm, the poet went to 'abide in the Sun's unclouded door,' and found in the heart of the Orient the realization of his dreams. The variety, spontaneity and beauty of the songs in this collection are a conclusive proof of the congeniality of the singer's environment: he, too,

> knew the Land of the East,
> For his soul was native there.

Every poem in the volume, whatever the mood, the fancy or the story, breathes the odor of the Orient: the romantic atmosphere and the rich color inseparably associated with the life and character of these sunrise lands pervade Mr. Scollard's work to a fascinating degree. Those who are familiar with the poet's previous volumes will be greatly impressed by the advance he has made since the publication of 'Old and New World Lyrics': his touch has grown surer, his thought deeper and his imagination stronger, and the new collection is more even in quality than any of its attractive predecessors.

To his gifts as a poet Mr. Scollard has the added gift of the story-teller. Such poems as 'Easter Eve at Kerak-Moab,' 'The Bronze Christ,' 'The Mosque of the Sultan Hassan,' 'The Caliph's Pillar,' 'Hadeth the Maronite' and

* Little-Folk Lyrics. By Frank Dempster Sherman. $1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* Songs of Sunrise Lands. By Clinton Scollard. $1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

'Mustapha' are excellent examples of his skill in combining these gifts. It is in the first of these, a fine piece of blank-verse, that he rises to his highest pitch of passion, and shows his powers at their best; but as a lyric, the first poem in the volume, 'Khamsin,' recently printed in *The Century*, is his masterpiece. Of the fourteen sonnets, most of which are exquisite pictures, one will naturally favor 'At Heliopolis,' 'The Sphinx' and 'The Nile,' the last having this fine octave:—

Nurse of old Egypt, year on circling year,
When parched and fevered by the heat she lies
Beneath a dazzling arch of rainless skies,
And e'en the green acacia buds grow sere,
How dost thou brim a cup supremely dear
And hold it to her lips, until her sighs
Have ceased, and all before her ancient eyes
Is fair as erst it was, or far or near!

In closing our notice of this volume, we cannot do better than to quote these lines, which may properly be addressed to every lover of lyric poesy:—

No vintage-draught soe'er, compressed
From the broad bosom of the West,
Can yield the keen delight of this
Enthralling roseate cup of bliss.
Then come, O Friend; quaff deep with me!
And Poesy our pledge shall be.

"The Woodman" *

IN THE FOREST range uniting the department of Maine to that of La Beauce is the scene of 'The Woodman' laid. It is an immense extent of wood, intersected by narrow, grassy paths, untouched by the hand of man, which have given to the whole region the picturesque name of Chemins Verts. This forest is unique in its aspect, and it may be compared with the sea in its grandeur, its infinitude, its rolling waves, its deep murmurs and its wild tempests. In its calm and in its wrath it lords it over the dwellers in its midst, and man in this imposing wilderness is driven to silence and contemplation. The inhabitants live exactly as their ancestors lived before them. It is not poverty, but contempt of comfort. Their maxim is that the forest ought to provide all they want—theft is considered lawful; the feeling of mine and thine does not exist; they do not steal, they take. The inhabitants are in love with their forest—an unconscious but incurable passion which is hereditary. It is instinctive in the child, grows with his growth, and never leaves him when he becomes a man; when he is away from his woods it becomes a perfect nostalgia. This feeling perpetuates itself in myths which the denizens of the Chemins Verts have made their own, and of which Renaud the Poacher is the hero and the type.

'The Woodman' has been lauded as the first attempt made in France to turn the current of the promiscuous realism of the present day, the first retort of moral right against wrong. This may have been, and no doubt was, its author's object, but he is too much of an artist to allow it to obscure his main purpose—the complete development of this child of the forest. It is not as having marked a stage in the reaction against realistic fiction that this book will live; it will fix itself in the memory of those who read it as a pastoral symphony of the most exquisite description. Elevated in its sentiment, pure in its conception and artistic in its execution, it is a delight from the simple but touching scenes in Renaud's early life to its tragic close. He could not bear that his forest should be invaded by Prussians, that its beauty which had lasted two hundred years should be destroyed by foreigners. The trees, the soil, the view, were sacred to him, and when his jealous anger revealed to him the possible desecration of all that he held dear, he gave up his life, without a moment's hesitation, to protect it. This book is the work of the French Procureur-Général, M. Guernay de Beurepaire, writing under the pseudonym of Jules de Glouvet.

* The Woodman. By Guernay de Beaurepaire ('Jules de Glouvet'). $1.25. Harper & Bros.

"The Chatelaine of La Trinité" *

SWITZERLAND seems a land peculiarly adapted to the cloudland of abstractions. It is a land of pale heights and spectral distances, of white glacier and sheeted mist, of pallid distance and celestial solitudes, whose stillness is almost metaphysical, almost abstract. 'On the heights there is repose'—white, dazzling, indefinite. The Alp-horn may disturb it into momentary vibration, the Alp-vulture may wheel majestically amid it and cause intermittent thrills and flashes of tremor; but the icy virginity of those immemorial silences remains practically untouched. The vast abstraction of the Alps overhangs and overawes the landscape and the souls that dwell within it; even figures as living, as concrete as Schiller's Tell and his singing fisher-boys become vague in the solemn purity of that air. Mont Blanc itself stands aside, a great mountainous emblem, a glorious allegory.

Was it for this reason that Mr. Fuller sets the scene of his last *étude*—we cannot call it by name so concrete, so unnebulous, as 'romance' or 'novel'—in the high Alps, among the firs and glaciers and *aiguilles* that mount the silver air and peer into it with such unflinching front? The Chatelaine of La Trinité dwells in a rarefied atmosphere of her own, in a castle that overlooks a valley; an eaglet in an eyrie that seems the very incarnation of white Switzerland itself, Switzerland without roses, without blushes, without spot of color anywhere except at the throat of its evening or morning skies. Here she is joined by a certain Aurelia West, an American smitten with ancestral hankerings and picturesque old-world enthusiasms, to whom the château life is delightful, thin and puritannical as it is. The twain go on a journey with the Chatelaine's godfather through Tyrol, Italian Switzerland, and the remoter recesses of the Dolomites, and here and there bits of delicious color are let in through the side of Italy, flooding the pale panorama of the pages with a momentary brilliance of another kind from its always brilliant analysis. On the way they fall in with certain 'types,'—one cannot call them men and women,—who symbolize the Spirit of the Times, the Demi-Monde, the End of the Century, and Scientific Research, and who are dissected by a subtle spiritual surgery after the fashion of 'Marius the Epicurean,' laying bare their quivering nerves and overladen sensibilities with a frankness that one does not anticipate from beings so sophisticated. In an exquisite style, now reminiscent of Henry James, now recalling Pater, Mr. Fuller unrolls chapter after chapter of description, showing the fleeting and changing aspects through which the Chatelaine and her friends pass as they journey on as almost unearthly pilgrims to their Beulah. It is the acme of refined writing, the apex of disembodied prose; almost poetry, in short, of an ethereal quality. The German, the French, the Italian, the Alp nationalities are touched off with extreme cleverness—not etched, for etching is too distinct; not printed, for printing has foundations of color; hardly drawn, for lines are mathematically clear; it is rather work like a delicate composite photography, in which fleeting likenesses follow close on fixed dissimilarities, and the observer is puzzled at once and delighted at the elusive skill of the artist in suggesting what he abstains from delineating.

Recent Fiction

IF EVER THERE were an illustration of the trite old saying, 'Appearances are deceitful,' it is to be found in the case of 'The Medicine Lady,' by Mrs. L. S. Meade. How such a harmless-looking volume, clad in gray and gilt, with nothing to give warning of its contents, could prove to be such a 'staggerer' is inexplicable to the dazed reviewer. 'The Medicine Lady' is a long-drawn-out tragedy, ending in a street scene where a woman confesses to a clamoring crowd of roughs who have demanded more medicine, that the remedy she has been using is imperfect, that she has disobeyed her dying husband's commands in using it, and that she has just killed her child in employing it; whereupon an infuriated

* The Chatelaine of La Trinité. By Henry B. Fuller, author of 'The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani.' $1.25. The Century Co.

man springs up and stabs her. The remedy is called lymph, and whether this story is told to warn the credulous public against a spurious remedy, or whether it is narrated from pure delight in a crescendo of melodrama, is not evident. It is a widely different tale from those that have given Mrs. Meade her pleasant reputation. ($1. Cassell Publishing Co.)——'EAST AND WEST,' by Edward Everett Hale, is a story of the settlement, late in the last century, of that famous old place Marietta, Ohio, at the mouth of the Muskingum on the banks of the Ohio River. Many an old Massachusetts family name has carried distinction to the place, and genealogical records tell of heroic conflicts with the Shawnee Indians; but with such a leader as Gen. Rufus Putnam and such colonists as left their pleasant homes in Salem and Newbury it was not long before a flourishing village established itself on the banks of the river. Its direct and important effect upon the individual lives of two young people, Sarah Parris and Harry Curwen, Dr. Hale tells with the spirit and good feeling that make him always a sympathetic narrator. The brief story (printed in excellent type), founded as it is on the actual occurrences of early American and family history, will doubtless be of special iterest to many readers. ($1. Cassell Publishing Co.)——'SIR GODFREY'S Grand-Daughters,' by Rosa Nouchette Carey, is a quaint, simple tale of an English community, where environment and character have produced those variations on the great theme of life which make one history different from another. Here a dozen or so of people, some young, some middle-aged and some avowedly old, are gathered together and brought into close relationship; and here, as in the real world, love is the key-note of action. Throughout, the story is natural and entertaining, the style sympathetic and the study of character clear and good. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

IT HAS BEEN QUITE a while since the hearts of novel readers were gladdened by a volume from the pen of that charming English writer, Vernon Lee. The three stories contained in 'Vanitas' are no discredit to their author's reputation. They are charming, and with the subtle, indefinable charm that should always be the essence of the short story. The whole situation, the facts and their solution is not diagramed here; it is merely suggested, and one has a pleasurable sense of discovery as he goes along. So few who attempt it know what the art of short story-writing is, that when one meets with such success as this, outside of the French language, he is amazed as well as delighted. Three frivolous women, belonging to the great world of fashion, and hidebound by the laws and customs governing their class, are the pivots on which these stories revolve. The first performed the miracle herself and abandoned freely the service of the great goddess Vanitas; the second shows to men and women who toil and think that idleness and callousness and much that must seem to them sheer wickedness is less a fault than a misfortune, that frivolous living means not merely waste, but in many cases martyrdom; and there seemed no waste of the supernatural in proving to the third that poor crazy paupers and herself were, after all, exchangeable quantities. ($1. Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

'ARMY TALES,' by John Strange Winter, is headed by that winning story called 'Bootles's Baby.' Once in so often a piece of human nature gets into print that touches every heart; for, take the world over, in spite of the inequality of civilization and different points of view on religion, morals and politics, there are a few subjects that the world agrees to praise and agrees in praising—and one of these is kindness to a child. He who tells this tale successfully makes friends with every stroke of his pen, from Bret Harte to Mrs. Stannard and Richard Harding Davis. In the 'Baby,' Mrs. Stannard has added a child to literature whose quaint, demure little personality will always seem enticingly alive. In 'Bootles' she has added a man who, viewed from a sentimental standpoint, will always seem a hero. It is some time since 'Bootles's Baby' has been played, but there was a time in London, a few years since, when the people could not hear enough of it, and it was put into a drama which was performed in more than one theatre on the same night. The other tales in the book (printed in very inferior type) are 'The Siege Baby,' 'Regimental Legends,' 'Cavalry Life' and 'In Quarters with the 25th Dragoons.' ($1. Lovell, Coryell & Co.)——'MARGERY OF QUETHER,' by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, is one of those quaint, grotesque short stories that men of serious and sober intellect are fond of indulging in. And Mr. Baring-Gould's studies in myths and the supernatural have equipped him to 'worrit' his readers with this sort of fiction. Margery of Quether—one of those never-dying, ghoulish old bodies found in the folk-lore of certain credulous localities—has her history told entertainingly and briefly. The motive of the tale is the old one that has been used from Gautier down to Marion Crawford—the resuscitation of an enfeebled old person by the life-blood of some one young and blooming, who simultaneously withers away. Each author tells this story in his own way, but the theme is always the same. The other stories in the volume are 'At the Y.,' 'Tom A' Tuddlams,' 'Major Cornelius' and 'Wanted: A Reader,' which is the humorous result of an advertisement in the London *Times* for such a commodity. ($1.25. Lovell, Gesterfeld & Co.)

'A SPOIL OF OFFICE,' by Hamlin Garland, is, as usual with this author, a story of the modern West. The scene is laid in Kansas, and the farmers and their interests, political and financial, furnish the main motive, the rope on which a few threads of interest are hung. A young fellow, employed as an assistant on one of the farms out there, lives with a vision of the Capitol at Washington in his brain. He works his way along until he reaches his goal and represents his district in Congress. Successful in everything, he persuades the woman he loves to go with him; but after a few months' experience there she tells him that her work is among her people in Kansas, that she will have to go back to it, and do her duty by it in every respect, while she waits for him to return. There is a tremendous flavor of the wild West about everything here, but however interesting it may be as an agency for the development of a great country, it is hardly profitable as a theme for literature. (50 cts. Arena Publishing Co.)——A CURSE HANGS OVER the house to which Reginald Guest belongs—a curse which says that no heir of the house shall ever reach the age of twenty-one. It is not to be lifted until some member of the family shall wipe it out by expiating with his life the crime because of which it was incurred. It remains for Reginald to do this, and to do it unwittingly, because he loses his life in an endeavor, for humanity's sake solely, to rescue his friend from a burning house. This is a suggestion merely of a story called 'His Life's Magnet,' by Theodora Elmslie—a story which is, on the whole, a rather uninteresting performance. ($1. D. Appleton & Co.)

THERE IS ONE THING at least that can be said of Marie Correlli's novel, 'The Soul of Lilith'—it is ambitious. There is no problem of the universe, seen or unseen, of which a solution is not sought—and found. El-Râmi, an East Indian of marvellous learning, accepts as facts the occurrences looked upon by ordinary mortals as supernatural, because with the aid of science he has clearly demonstrated to himself that they are perfectly natural, and not the result of a superhuman agency. The one thing he disbelieves, being utterly unable to prove it, is the existence of such a thing as 'soul'; all emotions he is disposed to set down to the action of the brain merely. Seeking an answer to this question which threatens to baffle him eternally, he takes a pretty, ignorant, half-barbaric Arab child, who dies in the desert, according to natural law, and keeps her alive in a strange trance for six years by means of science. She is absolutely unconscious of all external impressions, and only returns to a state of semi-consciousness at his command. By the force of his will he summons her soul back from the heavens, where it is supposed to be wandering, to its earthly habitation, and demands of it the explanation he seeks. Each time he hears the same story, and each time rejects it because he cannot prove it. This is only one of the many experiments we are called upon to witness here. The author of this volume has absorbed from works on theosophy, or Buddhism, or whatever else it may be, a mass of incongloмerate scientific facts, into which she has worked a leaven of Christian theology, and over the whole she has turned loose an intensely vivid and highly-colored imagination. The result is something perfectly preposterous, redeemed only by the intensely pathetic result of El-Râmi's experiment, and by a few passages of very pretty writing, such as Féray's musically illustrated narrative. (50 cts. Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

THE 'FOUR DESTINIES' contained in the translation of Théophile Gautier's story are curiously intermingled. These people, two men and two women, having no knowledge of and no interest in each other, select the same hour and the same place, St. Margaret's church in London, to be married. One marriage does not take place at all, and it would have been better if a similar catastrophe had prevented the other, for its only result is a confession and a crime. The man in the first instance is carried off against his will to assist in the fulfillment of a vow which he has taken along with several companions, but which he never expected to be called upon to make good. On his way down the Thames in a boat to join the ship which is to take him to his destination he rescues from the water the wife of the man who was married that morning when he should have been. Thrown together in this curious manner, the two are carried out to sea and off to foreign countries, and are put on shore, still together, to assist in the project to which the man alone is vowed. The project comes to

nothing because its motive ceases to exist, and this couple, with their destinies more closely interwoven than even they imagined, return to London to discover if possible what fate has in store for them. The story is called 'Four Destinies,' and is undoubtedly thrilling. It contains an abduction, a murder, a duel, marvellous performances by Indian fakirs, and a gigantic enterprise which, if it had been carried out, would have revolutionized history; but for these reasons it is almost too old-fashioned to interest modern novel readers. The material is admirably constructed, however, and the book contains some beautifully written passages. It has been well translated by Lucy Arrington. ($1.50. Worthington Co.)

A NUMBER OF new editions lie upon our desk. Conspicuous amongst them is Mr. Page's pathetic and perennially pleasing story of 'Marse Chan,' capitally illustrated by W. T. Smedley, exquisitely printed and very prettily bound. ($1.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)——LESS COMELY in attire, but fascinating as to its contents, is the single volume holding the two series of Mr. Stevenson's 'New Arabian Nights.' ($1. Lovell, Coryell & Co.)——IN THE series of dainty Dent reprints of Jane Austen's novels we have 'Mansfield Park,' in two volumes, edited by Brimley Johnson, illustrated by Wm. C. Cooke and ornamented by T. C. Tilney. ($2. Macmillan & Co.), and in the Boston edition, with etched frontispieces, 'Persuasion' and 'Northanger Abbey.' ($1.25 each. Roberts Bros.) As we have remarked before, it is odd that two new editions of Miss Austen, and both so excellent, should be making their appearance simultaneously so long after the author's death.——THE LATEST 'new and revised' novels of William Black are 'Green Pastures and Piccadilly,' in one volume, and 'The Maid of Killeena' and 'The Marriage of Moira Fergus,' in another. (90 cts. each. Harper & Bros.)——'BARNABY RUDGE,' with an interesting biographical and bibliographical introduction by the author's son and namesake, is the latest to appear among the reprints of the first edition of Dickens's writings. ($1. Macmillan & Co.)——MISS SEAWELL'S 'The Berkeleys and Their Neighbors' has just been issued in a revised edition (75 cts.) by D. Appleton & Co., Prof. Boyesen's 'Mammon of Unrighteousness (50 cts.) by Lovell, Coryell & Co., and Zola's 'Money' (50 cts.), by Worthington Co.

Magazine Notes

WE REPRINT elsewhere the poems of Elizabeth Phelps Ward, 'Whittier (Dying),' and of Dr. Holmes, 'In Memory of John Greenleaf Whittier' from the current *Atlantic Monthly*. Reading the latter, one is duly grateful that the Autocrat was spared to celebrate his oldest fellow-singer. No one interested in the New England poet of freedom and Democracy can afford to leave unread Mr. Woodberry's study of his genius in this number of the magazine. Dr. Hale's reminiscences of 'A New England Boyhood' grow even more interesting as he proceeds to tell of the 'Social Relations' of his family, in which he includes church-going, dancing-school, lectures and tea-parties, as social functions of nearly equal importance. A social function of ancient Turkey is treated of in the paper that follows, 'The Marriage of Ibraim Pasha,' at the Court of the Sultan Murad III. in 1586. Mr. Horatio F. Brown bases his account of the gorgeous festivities upon the Venetian Ambassador's dispatches. Mr. Theodore Bacon gives 'Some Breton Folk-Songs' in the original and in translation. A quartette of poets, Charles Washington Coleman, Charlotte Fiske Bates, John B. Tabb and Edith M. Thomas, sing quatrains to November; and again, in the Contributors' Club, 'La Muse s'Amuse'—with some epigrams.

Hadji Charles Dudley Warner describes the 'Holy Places of Islam,' Mecca and Medina, the black-covered Kaaba and its 'holy stone' and the prophet's tomb, which is *not* suspended between earth and heaven, in *Harper's* for November. He made the pilgrimage in Burton and Burckhardt, and the reader can now do like him, with the assistance of some interesting engravings from photographs taken by an Egyptian 'high official.' Paris, the Mecca to which most good Americans aspire, continues to be pictured by M. Lepère and to be described by that accomplished *flaneur*, Theodore Child, who, like Burton in the Kaaba, has penetrated to the Holy of Holies, the sanctum of the 'grand coiffeur,' Auguste Petit, 'the Worth of hairdressers,' 'an artist to the tips of his fingers, a creature of refined sensibility, of acute and rapid perception, and of abundant creativeness.' Nor is the other, the actual Worth, forgotten. Secrets are let out. We are told how, in the absence of a court, the fashions are created, copied and vulgarized. Mr. Laurence Hutton's third paper is one of kings, generals and statesmen as they appeared in death and now appear in plaster. Mr. Lowell's papers on the 'Old Dramatists' are continued; there are two interesting short stories—'The Rivals,' by Francois Coppée (a 'Frenchier' story than *Harper's* is wont to contain), and 'Mr. Benjamin Franklin Gish's Ball,' by M. E. M. Davis, both illustrated; Julian Ralph writes of 'The New Growth of St. Louis'; and Miss Wilkins's 'Jane Field' is finished.

That is a strange verdict that M. B. W. passes on his collection of 'Literary Tramps,' in *Macmillan's* for October. 'Not one romantic visionary among them,' he says. Not Shelley and Mary Godwin and Jane Clairmont vagabondizing, with a donkey and a sprained ankle, and in black silk gowns, along dusty French highways?—not Kit North and his wife, wandering about Scotland, dressed like tinkers, fishing and drinking whiskey? What constitutes romance, we wonder? And was not Ezekiel ordered to take unto him an iron pan, as any tinker might have done, and set it for a wall of iron between him and the city? Surely a similar vision must have come to Wilson. Mr. G. A. Hyde, who writes of 'Some New England Architecture,' discovers correspondences between it and the architecture of old England. But, as he says that the landscape, also, is similar we must assume that he saw what he looked for. Our Colonial style is as distinct from eighteenth-century English as that is from the contemporary French style. As for our modern work—there is hope for us, because we are still young, and may confidently reckon upon more great fires.

Considerably lighter in vein than the usual paper in *The Popular Science Monthly* is Sara Jeannette Duncan's sketch, 'Eurasia,' in the current number. The bright pen of the 'American Girl' (from Canada) has a congenial task in depicting the personal peculiarities and anomalous situation of the half-European, half-Asiatic population of India, typified in portly 'Mrs. De Souza.' This mixed breed swarms in Calcutta, and much may be made of it, in a literary way, the writer thinks, when its heart is 'bared to us by the scalpel of modern fiction.' This interesting sketch faces a frontispiece portrait of the late Henry W. Bates, author of 'A Naturalist on the Amazons,' accompanying a biographical sketch. Other of the magazine's contents are 'The Problems of Comparative Psychology,' by Prof. Joseph Jastrow; 'Economical Trees,' by Frederick Le Roy Sargent; 'The Latest Arithmetical Prodigy,' by M. Alfred Binet; 'Reasoning Animals,' by Allen Pringle; 'Color in Flowering Plants,' by Alice Carter; and 'Modern Nervousness and Its Cure,' by Herr Dr. Bilsinger.——'In Whittier's Land' is the title of a very fully illustrated article by William Sloane Kennedy in *The New England Magazine*, and 'Whittier, the Poet and the Man' is the theme of a prose study by Frances C. Sparhawk; while 'The Passing of Whittier' is chanted by Allen Eastman Cross. Richard Hovey has a poem on the late Dr. T. W. Parsons, and William P. Andrews one upon the late George William Curtis; Dr. Titus Munson Coan sings of 'Twilight,' Wm. Ordway Partridge of 'Mid-Ocean,' and A. L. Carlton of 'Salisbury Plain'; 'Too Late' is the burden of a poem by Mary C. Huntington, and George S. Burleigh ventures 'Into the Unknown' upon metrical feet of regulation size and shape. Besides these many poems there is a plenty of prose in this number of the magazine.

The longest article in the first (October) number of *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine* is Mr. W. J. Tucker's 'The New Movement in Humanity.' It is a clever Socialistic sermon on 'Unity,' which, we are told, is to be the new battle-cry, to be raised by those leaders of thought who are still under five-and-twenty; enthusiasm is on that side. The good old days of 'Liberty, Fraternity and Equality' are no more. Mankind is an organism (of a precious low grade); and the individual must not be allowed to assert himself too much, for fear that society may suffer. The opening article—very appropriately on 'The Worth of a University Education'—is by the venerable, venerated and beloved Dr. Andrew P. Peabody. Wendell P. Garrison wants the new magazine to keep parents posted on the changes in college customs, societies, hazing, drinking and gambling; and thinks that there is too much athletics, and too little supervision of the students. Mr. F. W. Thayer, on the other hand, bemoans 'Harvard's Loss of Athletic Prestige,' and thinks that the one need of the University is 'coaches.' A long report on 'The University During the Last Five Years' gives particulars of progress in the teaching force, salaries, organization, the library, aids for poor students, and 'University Extension' work. There are also separate reports on several of the topics treated of in this general report, and accounts of meetings of the various college associations and of the Harvard Clubs in New York and other cities. The frontispiece of the number is a portrait of the late Dr. Henry J. Bowditch. The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt writes of 'Harvard Men in Politics.' On the whole, this handsomely printed quarterly of 176 pages is highly creditable as well to the University as to its editors, Messrs. William R. Thayer and Frank Bolles.

London Letter

THE COUNTRY has sung its requiem. From the remotest nooks, and through the farthest channels there has poured forth such an universal outburst of national and reverent acclamation, as has never within the memory of this generation followed any other Englishman to his grave. Writers of every class have also done their part nobly; first by presenting to the world afresh all the salient points of the Poet-Laureate's career, and secondly, by insisting—with scarcely an exception—on his value as a teacher and upholder of the great truths most dear to suffering humanity: so that the most ignorant can no longer foolishly wonder what made Tennyson the man he was, and the most thoughtless can hardly fail to be impressed with the conviction that it is something to have lived a life so pure, so exalted, so beneficent; and died a death crowned with such glory and honor.

Many, indeed, consider that since the loss we have sustained is so obviously irreparable, the office held by Lord Tennyson might fitly now be abolished. Who is there to hold it? With every name that arises on the lips there only comes a swift sense of the descent—of the gigantic leap down from such an one as the author of 'In Memoriam,' to the suggested successor. There is no need to be more personal. We all know, everyone knows, who are the half-dozen among whom the choice must needs be; also the claims of one or two which would be indisputable were it not for certain considerations; but place their lines, however beautiful, or lustrous, or delicate, beside those thrilling notes which have entered into the very heart of the nation, and which seem to us hardly more our poet's than our own—and what a difference!

Perhaps for the encouragement of modest genius it is as well, nevertheless, to be reminded that it was not always so. When young Tennyson first began to be heard of, he was derisively styled by one contemptuous review 'the pet of a little literary coterie'; and *Blackwood*—actually *Blackwood*, in the heyday of its literary fame—had the terrible misfortune to possess, as a contributor, a certain poor prophet, who, in an article for the May number, 1832, predicted the following fate for the man who has just been entombed in the Poets' Corner, amidst such honors as perhaps were never before accorded to any private individual:—'Should he persist,' quoth this wiseacre, alluding to 'Poems, Chiefly Lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson,' 'in writing thus to the end of the dean and chapter' (observe the wit! the '*dean* and chapter'!), Alfred Tennyson may have a niche in *The Westminster Review*, but never in Westminster Abbey.'

It is curious to remember, also, that Carlyle once told Tennyson to write prose, while mentioning the poems of Coventry Patmore with enthusiasm, and that Ruskin alluded to the latter as 'the only living poet who always strengthens and purifies.' Without wishing for a moment to detract from the fame of Coventry Patmore, whom personally I have no hesitation in avowing I had hoped to see the new Laureate, it does seem a little strange to look back on these verdicts—delivered, it must be owned, long ago.

And it may not be out of place here to suggest that, in spite of the immense popularity of 'The Angel in the House,' which leapt at once into the favor it still retains, Coventry Patmore has scarcely been accorded the place he ought to have among English poets. For his poetry Tennyson had the warmest admiration, and I am told that, after the death of Browning, he contemplated him as his successor in the Laureateship. So many are now saying this, and so indubitable are the claims of Mr. Patmore to be regarded as at any rate one of the first of the little band of poets now left, that it seemed exceedingly likely that the Queen, who is an ardent admirer of 'The Angel in the House,' would have been pleased at the suggestion. Her Majesty, however, it is rumored, has offered the Laureateship to Sir Theodore Martin.

The attention of the nation being fixed on one spot, less notice was taken of the loss sustained by art in the person of Mr. Woolner, the distinguished sculptor, than would otherwise have been the case. Not the less is it true that the loss is there, and will be widely felt. Mr. Woolner's death was painfully sudden and unlooked-for.

Among books, there are a good many interesting and agreeable things to be read at present, if there are none that can be said to usurp the field to themselves. 'Angelica Kauffmann: a Biography,' by F. A. Gerard, is an exceedingly readable volume, and well suited for book-clubs, reading-rooms, or institutes. It is frequently advisable to know of such literature. Angelica Kauffman has always been a picturesque figure in the history of bygone times. Her beauty, her charm, her romantic friendships, her short career as the idol of fashion, too soon followed by her miserable and mysterious first marriage—all combine to invest her with a peculiar halo, apart from the position she held as the only woman who attained to eminence as a painter before the days of Rosa Bonheur. Perhaps Angelica Kauffmann was not a painter of the first water; but for people who have any capacity for appreciating exquisite coloring and delicacy of touch, there is always something to gratify the eye in her pictures. It may not be generally known that some of the old ceilings in London houses which are enriched by 'Adams' work' were painted by Angelica Kauffmann.

The second and concluding volume of 'Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews,' by 'A. K. H. B.,' is just the sort of genial, amusing companion its predecessor was. It is provincial—of course. But then for such a book to obtain a hearing, and impress itself in any way upon the mind of Thackeray's 'great, stupid public,' it must be provincial. If it did not have its enthusiasms, its exaggerations, its affectations, it would want that 'local color' which somehow we all like; and we may add it would assuredly lack the special 'local color' of that pretty-behaved old gentleman 'concerning' whose ways and habits the world was kept informed through the medium of *Fraser's Magazine*, so many years ago.

Of novels there are a good number of readable and well-written in the market, but none which calls for any special notice. Novelists, however, are busy, and there are rumors of great things in the future.

L. B. WALFORD.

Boston Letter

I HAVE BEEN much interested in the opinion New England authors hold on the future Laureateship of England, and probably other *Critic* readers will also like to note the opinion of Boston. Arlo Bates regards William Morris as head and shoulders above every other man, but thinks that he is out of question on account of his Socialistic tendencies. Mr. Bates considers Lewis Morris as a writer of doggerel, but grants that he may get the position, while Sir Edwin Arnold he characterizes as a writer of unoriginal work. It would not surprise Mr. Bates if Dobson should be chosen. Hezekiah Butterworth, of *The Youth's Companion*, agrees with Mr. Bates regarding William Morris; regards Swinburne as a literary joke, says Sir Edwin Arnold is wholly foreign to English life and declares that Lewis Morris has done nothing. Both Mr. Butterworth and Mr. Bates consider the place of Tennyson as impossible to fill adequately. Edwin D. Mead, editor of *The New England Magazine*, declaring that William Morris is unquestionably the noblest poet in England, adds that he is very much too noble to have the honor of the Laureateship awarded to him, and that either an indifferent poet will be given the office or else it will gradually die out. Miss Louise Imogen Guiney counts out William Morris and Swinburne; thinks that Lewis Morris may have some chance as he is entirely harmless and commonplace, and says that Arnold is possible, adding sarcastically (I am condensing this from a statement in one of the Boston papers) 'he is no poet, but he would do very well as a Poet-Laureate.' Although she says that Arnold, 'that colossal hoax,' will probably get the post, yet I should judge she would prefer the appointment of Coventry Patmore, 'an eminently respectable, sensible, and conservative person, a good writer and perfectly proper.' James Jeffrey Roche also thinks the honor will be given to some mild, innocuous bard, but he regrets that William Morris is ineligible on account of his Socialistic tendencies, Swinburne ineligible on account of his lack of drawing-room manners, and Dobson ineligible from lack of weight. If he were going to make the nomination Mr. Roche would put Rudyard Kipling into the chair. Miss Katherine Conway advocates Aubrey de Vere.

The new University Club has begun its life under most auspicious circumstances. On Friday the doors of the new club-house (the old mansion of Gen. Whittier rejuvenated) were thrown open to the 525 members and their friends, the result being that through the rooms of that really palatial mansion wandered groups of eminent men rarely seen in one evening at one place. There were Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, the tall and dignified Bishop Brooks and the gray-haired Charles Theodore Russell. There, too, were the presidents of half a dozen New England colleges, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and other honored leaders of the Bench, the Mayor and the Postmaster, besides scores of other gentlemen noted in law, literature and art. The President of the new Club is the Hon. William C. Endicott, ex-Secretary of War, and a typical representative of New England, in that he is a descendant of John Endicott, the first Governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Endicott is a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1843, and I presume that a majority of the club members are Harvard graduates.

By the will of the late Hon. William Aspinwall of Brookline, all the books in the modern languages that have belonged to Mr. Aspinwall's library are given to the Trustees of the Brookline Public Library; while the town is also to erect, from a fund left by the testator, a monument to Isaac Gardner, the only Brookline minute-man who was killed by the British troops on April 19, 1775.

Alexander Pope, the animal-painter of Boston, has just completed a new work which is to be put on exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts about the middle of November. The painting represents the martyrdom of St. Euphemia, and shows the maiden lying on the ground at the feet of the king of beasts. This is the first attempt of Mr. Pope to introduce the human figure into his paintings.

Among coming new books appropriate to the day will be a work from the house of the D. Lothrop Co., entitled 'The True Story of Christopher Columbus.' This book is to make its appearance about the middle of the month, and is to form the initial volume in a new series called 'The Children's Lives of Great Men.'

The plan of study for the Browning Society this year is on a new line of work, prepared for the Society by a sub-committee of the Board consisting of Miss Helen A. Clarke and Miss Charlotte Porter of the Executive Committee, with Mrs. Emma Endicott Marean, the Secretary of the Society. The opening meeting was held last week and was devoted to the study of Browning on poetic art. I have heard Miss Vida D. Scudder's presentation of the topic for discussion, 'Is "Aprile" a Type of the Italian Renaissance,' especially praised as fluent and able. Mrs. Alice Kent Robertson gave a reading from 'Paracelsus,' the Rev. Charles G. Ames read a paper on the democracy of 'Aprile,' and George W. Cooke a paper on the poetic limitation of 'Sordello.' At the next meeting, the latter part of this month, the topic will be 'Expressions of General Poetic Principles,' and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is to divide with Mrs. C. G. Ames the discussion of the day. After that the Society, according to the plan arranged, will consider the poet's relation with the world, the poet as a critic of poets and the poetic art of Browning, the latter subject being subdivided into a consideration of Browning's lyric worknanship, his dramatic pictures, his play-craft and his dramatic art put to a test. Among those who will take part in the meetings are Dr. W. J. Rolfe, Prof. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., Miss Emily J. Ladd, the Rev. Philip D. Moxom, Col. T. W. Higginson, Miss Porter, Miss Clarke, Mr. Howard M. Ticknor, Prof. F. S. Curry, and the Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke.

BOSTON, Nov. 1, 1892. CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Lounger

MR. BUNNER writes to me, from *Puck's* editorial rooms, as follows:—'Some weeks ago I received a letter and circular from Mr. William Drysdale, asking me to contribute to a newspaper "syndicate" which he was starting. I replied briefly that I was unable to comply with the request. In the New York *Sun* of October 26th, under the title of "Another Authors' Society," I find an account of a meeting held at the Astor House by "eight writers representing an association of twenty American authors," who formed an organization "to place their productions before the press of the country without the assistance of an intermediary agent." "Letters were read," the report continues, "from Charles Dudley Warner, Thomas Nelson Page, H. C. Bunner, Melville Philips, Capt. Charles King, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis and others"; and it concludes:—"Other members of the syndicate are," etc., etc., etc. This way of putting things is suggestively misleading; so much so that I feel justified in asking *The Critic* to spare me enough space for this statement of the nature of the letter read at Mr. Drysdale's meeting from yours very truly, H. C. Bunner.'

NOT SO LONG AGO, we used to be accused, we Americans, of a supersensitiveness to British criticism; and no one could deny the charge. But the tables seem to have been turned of late years, and while Americans now smile at such criticisms as used to make them wince, the British press is showing a sensitiveness to criticisms from this side of the Atlantic as great as that which the Australian ballot system is said to have developed among the voters of a certain political faith in some of the northern New England States. A few weeks ago Mr. Maurice Thompson wrote an article for *The Independent*, in which the living poets of England were contrasted unfavorably with their contemporaries in 'the States.' I do not know how many other trans-Atlantic journals have fallen foul of this not very incendiary screed; but I have seen two attacks upon it, one in the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, the other in the Liverpool *Courier*. What strikes me most forcibly in reading these laboriously ironical leaders is the fact that whereas Mr. Thompson has at least taken the pains to familiarize himself with the works of the minor poets of the day in England, his critics not only confess their ignorance of the American writers with whom he contrasts them, but display their vexation by even copying the American names incorrectly. Thus, in *The Scotsman*, Mr. Edgar Fawcett becomes 'Edward,' Mr. Woodberry is 'Mr. Woodbury,' Mr. Whitcomb Riley has an *e* added to his 'comb,' while Mr. Will H. Hayne is transformed to Mr. 'Haynes,' Mrs. Dandridge to 'Mrs. Danderidge' and Mr. Madison Cawein to Mr. 'Maidson Cawin.' Mr. Thompson said that he wrote in the 'Southern woods far from the ordinary sources of information.' Both his critics quote him as saying 'far from the ordinary sources of *inspiration*'—a very different pair of shoes. I hardly think it worth while to go into the merits of the controversy, so far as it is to be regarded as one; it interests me chiefly as illustrating the shifting of the center of international sensitiveness from the New World to the Old.

'IN YOUR issue of Nov. 28, 1891,' writes 'J. C.' of San Francisco, 'there is an article by Mrs. M. E. Sewell on "The Creative Faculty in Women," in which she makes mention of the following:—"Spring Jane Bennett upon an unsuspecting crowd, and how many persons ever heard of her?" I must admit that I am one of the unsuspecting crowd, and would like to find out who she is, as I not only never heard of her, but can find no person who ever has.' There are three slips in this communication: The author of the article in question is not a married woman, but a 'Miss'; her name is not 'Sewell,' but *Seawell*; and her article is not on 'The Creative Faculty in Women,' but 'On the *Absence* of the Creative Faculty in Women'—a very different theme. As for Jane Bennett, she is a conspicuous character (though not the most conspicuous) in Jane Austen's 'Pride and Prejudice'—a novel immensely admired by Sir Walter Scott, Lord Macaulay, Mr. Thackeray, Lord Tennyson—and the Lounger.

LAST WEEK'S Monday meeting of the Methodist ministers of this city 'was rendered somewhat lively,' says the *Times*, 'by a slight revolt against the reading of an epic poem by the Rev. Dr. George Lansing Taylor of the Long Island Conference. The business committee had invited Dr. Taylor to read his "Atlantis."'

It has taken Dr. Taylor nearly thirty years to write the epic and it takes nearly two hours to read it. Some of the ministers objected to granting so much time to the poet. The debate waxed warm and lively, when up rose Dr. Taylor and said that he had never read his poem to any audience with yardstick and shears in hand, and he did not propose to begin at that time. He agreed to compromise by cutting out about thirty minutes of the epic. The compromise was agreed to and the poem was read, with restrictions, in an hour and twenty minutes. 'Atlantis' is a poem largely allegorical. It portrays the discovery of America and its history up to the celebration of the quadricentennial. It is about the length of one book of the Iliad and is in the same metre.

This is the second time Dr. Taylor has evinced a disinclination to cut his verse to suit his hearers. His great previous opportunity of reading 'with*out* yardstick and shears in hand' was the Columbia College centennial celebration at the Metropolitan Opera House, a few years ago.

FROM 'K. P. G.' of San Francisco, 'in justice to the oft-assailed author of "The Raven"':—'Miss Woolson, through an excusable but unfortunate oversight, accuses Poe, in her article on "Corfu and the Ionian Isles" (*Harper's* for August), of plagiarizing the following line in his "To Zante":—

Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!

The words were inclosed in quotation-marks by Poe, who thereby disclaimed them as original.'

I HAVE JUST been reading Mme. Modjeska's interesting and suggestive paper in the November *Forum* on 'Endowed Theatres and the American Stage.' Mme. Modjeska is to-day the leading actress on the English-speaking stage, and whatever she has to say upon the subject of her profession is worthy of attention and respect. She takes the theatre seriously, and, as she tells us in this article, she was very much puzzled, when she first came to America, by the want of seriousness with which we regard the stage. The 'brutal custom of bringing the people to the theatre by means of elaborate prints and a bragging style' struck her 'very disagreeably.' She soon discovered, however, that it was a means adopted by the best actors in the country, 'for the reason that it was the only way to attract the public.' To find the theatres criticised in the daily papers under the general head 'Amusements,' an 'elaborate criticism of the performance of "Julius Cæsar"' preceding 'an account of a show of trained monkeys,' was a shock that it took her some time to recover from. I can imagine just how a foreigner, used to the attitude of foreigners toward the drama, would feel at this incongruous juxtaposition. By us—that is, by most Americans—the theatre is regarded simply as a 'place of amusement.' If a play fails to amuse us, it fails in its highest mission. What do we care for Shakespeare, when we can see 'A Trip to Chinatown,' or 'A Hole in the Ground'? Why put upon the stage the work of dramatists,

when what is wanted is the sort of thing the manager and stage-carpenter can make up between them for the purpose of introducing a variety entertainment under the name of 'farce-comedy.' Just so long as we work as hard as we do at money-getting, just so long shall we wish the sort of play that amuses us without taxing our brains. Americans are fond of the theatre, but as an amusement only. This must be very discouraging to an artist of the intelligence and seriousness of Mme. Modjeska.

THE POLISH ACTRESS asks if there 'is no remedy for this degraded condition of American art,' and answers the question by naming an endowed theatre as the remedy. The trouble about an endowed theatre, I am afraid, would arise more from the actor than from any other cause. The 'star system' is death to an endowed theatre, for it would be well-nigh impossible to pay actors the salaries they ask. In Paris and Vienna players are satisfied with modest pay for the sake of their connection with the national theatre, but here there is no pride of that sort. You could not get the actors who are now 'stars' to serve in its ranks, and if you were to develop players of special ability in an endowed theatre, they would snap their fingers in your face and turn their backs on you as soon as their reputations had been made. It is not only in the theatres, but in every profession, that we want more of art and less of the commercial spirit.

IF WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE were not so aggressive a youth, there would be something almost pathetic in the persistency with which he pegs away at his department, 'In a Corner at Dodsley's,' printed in small type and stuck in amongst the advertisements at the beginning of each month's *New England Magazine*. There is something novel and amusing about placing serious reading matter where other papers print the jokes scissored by exchange editors from their humorous contemporaries; but perhaps the very novelty of it assures Mr. Harte as wide an audience for his essays on 'The Philosophical Basis of Fiction,' and other grave and reverend themes, as they would enjoy if printed in bigger letters and imbedded between 'body articles' by William Hoyt Coleman and Julia Taft Bayne. Then, too, the innovation must be popular among the magazine's advertisers—and even advertisers are men (sometimes) and brothers.

Wanted—A Poem

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

We need a *poem* up here in New Hampshire. The subject is all ready. Our rivers have their sources in the White Mountain region. At the different falls along the lower course of the streams gigantic industries have been established, and cities with great populations and all the arts of civilized life have grown up around them, sustained by the water's unfailing flow. But the flow begins to fail. The wood-cutters on the mountains are serving notice of ejectment on the great manufacturing corporations along the Merrimack and the Winnepesaukee.

The wealth invested in the great mills is distinctly threatened. The permanence of industries which supply the means of subsistence for many thousands of human beings is no longer secure. The rivers will flow while the mountain forests sentinel their springs, but not much longer. These forests are all private property; and as a result of our unwise management, forest conditions have been permanently destroyed over extensive areas. The cities on the rivers cannot survive the destruction of the mountain forests.

Another thing: The beauty and restfulness of our mountain forest scenery attract visitors who leave millions of dollars in the hands of our people every year; but our butchery of the sylvan beauty and peace is already repelling many of our visitors. The culmination of the summer boarding and tourist business of New Hampshire is in sight if the destruction of forest conditions in the White Mountain region is allowed to proceed much farther unchecked.

A few of us are trying to awaken the people to the pressing need of such a change of policy as will prevent the threatened impoverishment of the State. In this 'campaign of education' we need a poem, the swinging movement of verse, to carry the truth of the absolute dependence of the arts and industries of the great towns on the integrity and permanence of the far-away mountain springs. We have all the conditions for the production of a serious, noble and enduring poem, the element of tragedy not being absent. Will anybody write it? J. B. HARRISON,

Secretary New Hampshire Forestry Commission.

FRANKLIN FALLS, N. H., Oct. 27th, 1892.

Thomas W. Parsons

[*The New England Magazine*]

THE maiden knew great Hercules divine;
For, when she saw him, was she not content?
So in the satisfaction of the heart
We find his praise, nor with too noisy art
Proclaim the beauty past all ornament
Of his precise and unsuperfluous line.

RICHARD HOVEY.

Two Poems on Whittier

[*The Atlantic Monthly* for November]

DECEMBER 17, 1807—SEPTEMBER 7, 1892.

THOU, too, hast left us. While with heads bowed low,
And sorrowing hearts, we mourned our summer's dead,
The flying season bent its Parthian bow,
And yet again our mingling tears were shed.

Was Heaven impatient that it could not wait
The blasts of winter for earth's fruits to fall?
Were angels crowding round the open gate
To greet the spirits coming at their call?

Nay, let not fancies, born of old beliefs,
Play with the heart-beats that are throbbing still,
And waste their outworn phrases on the griefs,
The silent griefs that words can only chill.

For thee, dear friend, there needs no high-wrought lay,
To shed its aureole round thy cherished name,—
Thou whose plain, home-born speech of *Yea* and *Nay*
Thy truthful nature ever best became.

Death reaches not a spirit such as thine,—
It can but steal the robe that hid thy wings;
Though thy warm breathing presence we resign,
Still in our hearts its loving semblance clings.

Peaceful thy message, yet for struggling right,—
When Slavery's gauntlet in our face was flung,—
While timid weaklings watched the dubious fight
No herald's challenge more defiant rung.

Yet was thy spirit tuned to gentle themes
Sought in the haunts thy humble youth had known.
Our stern New England's hills and vales and streams,—
Thy tuneful idyls made them all their own.

The wild flowers springing from their native sod
Lent all their charms thy new-world song to fill,—
Gave thee the mayflower and the golden-rod
To match the daisy and the daffodil.

In the brave records of our earlier time
A hero's deed thy generous soul inspired,
And many a legend, told in ringing rhyme,
The youthful soul with high resolve has fired.

Not thine to lean on priesthood's broken reed;
No barriers caged thee in a bigot's fold;
Did zealots ask to syllable thy creed,
Thou saidst 'Our Father,' and thy creed was told.

Best loved and saintliest of our singing train,
Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong.
A lifelong record closed without a stain,
A blameless memory shrined in deathless song.

Lift from its quarried ledge a flawless stone;
Smooth the green turf and bid the tablet rise,
And on its snow-white surface carve alone
These words,—he needs no more,—*Here Whittier lies.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WHITTIER (DYING). SEPTEMBER SIXTH AND SEVENTH.

BREATHLESS the mist of amethyst
That faints upon the sea.
The sun moves like a musing god;
What sacred sight sees he?

The golden-rod doth gravely nod
Unto the beckoning bay;
The aster watches for a sign.
What ails the happy day?

On its pale lip a finger-tip
The stern, white immortelle
Lays softly, like one murmuring:
'Hush! Ask not. It is well.'

Smile ye, or weep, ye cannot keep
The secret that ye hold;
Deep-hearted Autumn that he loved!
The solemn word is told.

Wind of the north! it has gone forth;
Breath of the pines—he dies.
Ye had eternal kinship's right
To kiss his closing eyes.

To us, who love as men may love,
Tender and loyal he;
But Nature was his confidante,
Sole intimate was she.

We kneel afar, where thousands are;
Gray light is on the grass;
The tide is calling from the ebb;
Lord, let the great soul pass.

Thou spirit! who in spirit and in truth
Didst worship utterly the unseen God;
Thine age the blossom of a stainless youth,
Thy soul the star that swings above the sod.
No prayer to heaven ever lighter rose
Than thy pure life, escaped, ariseth now.
Thou hushest like a chord unto its close,
Thou ceasest as the Amen to a vow.

Sacred the passion-flower of thy fame.
To thee, obedient, 'Write,' the Angel saith.
Proudly life's holiest hopes preserve thy name,
Thou poet of the people's Christian faith.
Master of song! Our idler verse shall burn
With shame before thee, Beauty dedicate!
Prophet of God! We write upon thy urn,
Who, being Genius, held it consecrate:

To starving spirits, needing heavenly bread,—
The bond or free, with wrong or right at strife;
To quiet tears of mourners comforted
By music set unto eternal life.
These are thine ushers at the Silent Gate;
To these appealing, thee we give in trust.
Glad heart! Forgive unto us, desolate,
The sob with which we leave thy sacred dust!

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

MACMILLAN & CO. will publish Mr. Hamerton's 'Man in Art' late in the present month or early in December. They are not, by the way, the publishers of 'Where Art Begins,' noticed in our issue of Oct. 29; the book is published by Chatto & Windus.

—*Good Government*, Washington, by permission of Harper & Bros., has reissued on plate paper the portrait of the late George William Curtis, published after his death in *Harper's Weekly*. It is a process engraving, and is offered at a nominal price to subscribers to this organ of the National Civil Service Reform League.

—At a meeting of the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, held at the office of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Chairman, on Monday, the question of closing the Museum on Sundays was referred to the Board of Trustees, which will be called together in special meeting on Wednesday, the 9th inst. One of the oldest and most active of the Trustees remarked after the meeting:—

The whole question is one of finances. A large majority of the Board is in favor of keeping the Museum open on Sunday. They think it is a good thing and they know that it is appreciated by the class of people whom it is especially designed to benefit. But a great institution like the Metropolitan Museum cannot be run without money, and it certainly ought not to be treated in a niggardly spirit by the city authorities. The city should willingly provide every dollar for its running expenses, including the extra expense of keeping the Museum open Sundays. We have no other income that we can count on for current expenses.

Sayings of Victor Hugo

IN THE November number of *Scribner's*, M. Octave Uzanne gives some details of a very curious literary find. Shortly after Victor Hugo's death, when Hauteville House, in Guernsey, where he lived so long, was cleared out for a new tenant, a great mass of books and papers were thrown out from his work-room, and after being offered in vain to supposed experts from Paris, were sold as old paper to a resident of the village, from whom a London autograph-dealer, Mr. Davey, subsequently bought them for a pound or two. The papers proved to include about 1000 letters from celebrated people with whom Hugo was in correspondence, and some 2000 pages of a manuscript journal, written by his son Francois and revised by himself, relating the conversations of Hugo with his family, his friends and visitors between July 1852 and 1856.

Here are some notable words relating to Molière:—'I believe, in fact, that Molière, although he was very unfortunate and put his misfortunes into his works, did not see all the sinister sides of his dramas. Æschylus, in the same way, did not clearly perceive all the aspects of his work, for his time was too restricted for him to see them all. That is the sublime side of art, that in creating a work the poet creates at the same time the infinite in his work, and each century, each movement of posterity, discovers there a new horizon; and that is why, since art does not progress, neither Æschylus nor Shakespeare will be surpassed.'

Pierre Leroux insisted that our epoch is one of decadence, to which Hugo replied:—'You are completely mistaken. Never was there an epoch so grand as ours. Never was literature so complete. Complete poetry is composed of three things: Man, life and nature. Former French poets found not in Molière or in Racine the shadow of an allusion to a tree, a plant, a star. It is only in this century that the French school, of which you speak with disdain, has perceived that there is a heaven, stars, fields, hills, rocks, the sea, water.'

On one occasion Charles Hugo spoke slightingly of the Bible, and thus his father rebuked him:—'Don't talk about things that you know nothing of. Are you sure you have even read the Bible? Know that Job is one of the greatest masterpieces of the human mind. It is, perhaps, the greatest masterpiece. And to-morrow, if all literature was to be destroyed and it was left to me to retain one work only, I should save Job.'

Talking with Auguste Vacquerie, the latter told him how ideas came to him suddenly, when least expected. Hugo replied:—'Inspiration comes to me in exactly the opposite way. There is in all my work not a single idea, not one line, that I have not sought for; not a single word that I have not meditated on.'

A little further on he says:—'You are wrong to measure beauty by difficulty. Thus I consider prose infinitely more difficult than verse. I hate to write prose, I passionately love to make verses, and I consider that prose is very inferior to verse.'

Tennysoniana

WE WERE WRONG in saying, last week, that the present Lord Tennyson was childless. Mr. Augustin Daly, who produced 'The Foresters' at his theatre in this city last March, writes to us as follows:—'Two children have been born to Hallam (the present Lord) and Lady Tennyson; and most lovely boys they both are: one nearly two, the other three years old. The elder is named Lionel after Hallam's younger brother; the baby is called Aubrey.'

Aldworth, Lord Tennyson's Surrey home, is on the least frequented side of Haslemere, behind Blackdown, the heathery highland which effectually separates it from the growing town. From its windows a magnificent view of widely stretching country is seen, country that is so little marred by modern landmarks that it might be a primeval plain rather than the very near neighbor of a fashionable artistic settlement. This, in effect, Haslemere is. Celebrated people Haslemere does not lack. Prof. Tyndall has a house on Hindhead, the bleak hill that guards the valley in exactly the opposite direction to Blackdown. Until recently Mrs. Humphry Ward owned a house, one of the æsthetic modern type, which it was said she built with the proceeds of 'Robert Elsmere.' A picturesque little cottage in a delightful road beyond Haslemere was the home of George Eliot for some years. About Aldworth, which is so built that it cannot be overlooked in any way, there are charmingly sylvan walks in which it was the poet's pleasure to wander.

The absence of the Prince of Wales and Mr. Gladstone from Tennyson's funeral has had the welcome effect temporarily of restoring the gossiping 'G. W. S.' to the readers of the *Tribune*. Lord Tennyson's words, 'I love Mr. Gladstone, but I hate his policy,' are said to have kept the Premier away; and the races at Newmarket detained the gentleman whom *Life* is running for the Vice-Presidency under the name of Albert E. Wettin. 'G. W. S.' tries for a column or so to excuse the Prince, but finally gives it up in despair, and concludes by saying:—

'It was an unlucky coincidence that the funeral should occur on the day when one of the classic races [the Cesarewitch] was run—a day when a very considerable portion of the English world would no more think of being absent from Newmarket Heath than of being absent from church on a Sunday morning when on their own estates. The Prince went with the rest. One of his horses was running in another race—this and many other things are said

to account for his presence. When all is said, we shall all end by thinking he would have been well advised to be elsewhere. Probably he was not advised at all, and so missed an excellent opportunity of increasing his popularity, of escaping the criticism which he has provoked, of strengthening the ties between the throne and the best supports of the throne, and of testifying in person to the respect and regard which he really felt for the great poet who is gone.'

The present Lord Tennyson says:—'My father was much pained to learn that any one could misinterpret the "Pilot" in "Crossing the Bar," and imagine that it referred to Arthur Hallam or to my brother Lionel. He had thought there could be only one possible interpretation. Repeatedly and emphatically, at his dictation, I have had to say this. Moreover, I have had to explain, also at his dictation, that in the line "And after that the dark," the "dark" merely means "The Valley of the Shadow of Death."'

Lord Tennyson has written as follows to the chairman of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trustees:—'I beg you to convey from my mother and myself our grateful acknowledgment to the executive committee of Shakespeare's birthplace for their most kind expression of sympathy, and for their beautiful wreath. My father was reading "King Lear," "Troilus and Cressida" and "Cymbeline" through the last days of his life. On Wednesday he asked for Shakespeare. I gave him the book, but said, "You must not try to read." He answered, "I have opened the book." I looked at the book at midnight when I was sitting by him, lying dead on the Thursday, and found he had opened on one of the passages which he called the tenderest in Shakespeare. We could not part with this volume, but buried a Shakespeare with him. We had the book inclosed in a metal box and laid by his side.'

A man who was for several years a gardener and coachman for Tennyson, Martin Donovan by name, and living in Philadelphia now, relates two incidents of the poet's tender-heartedness. Once Donovan's wrist was badly cut with a sickle by a fellow-workman, and Tennyson gave the case his personal attention, and bound up the wound with his own hands. On another occasion several reporters tried to interview the poet during his morning walk, but without success. Tennyson had a peculiar aversion for talking with entire strangers. Suddenly one of the scribes fell into a pool of water. The great master of verse turned at once and insisted that the young man go back to the house and remain in bed until dry clothing be procured for him. This program was carried out, Tennyson himself accompanying the reporter in the carriage, driven by Donovan, which conveyed him to the railway station. But any question put with a view to publication of the answer, Tennyson absolutely declined even to notice.

'Tennyson's knowledge of nature—nature in every aspect—was very great,' writes Mr. Theodore Watts in *The Athenæum*. 'His passion for "star-gazing" has often been commented upon by readers of his poetry. Since Dante no poet in any land has so loved the stars. He had an equal delight in watching the lightning; and I remember being at Aldworth once during a thunderstorm, when I was alarmed at the temerity with which he persisted, in spite of all remonstrances, in gazing at the blinding lightning. For moonlight effects he had a passion equally strong, and it is especially pathetic to those who know this to remember that he passed away in the light he so loved—in a room where there was no artificial light—nothing to quicken the darkness but the light of the full moon (which somehow seems to shine more brightly at Aldworth than anywhere else in England); and that on the face of the poet, as he passed away, fell that radiance in which he so loved to bathe it when alive.'

The Laureateship

The London *Chronicle* announces that Mr. William Morris has been offered the Laureateship, but has declined it.' Says the N. Y. *Times:* 'It is a somewhat comic demand that comes from Ireland that the next Laureate shall be an Irishman. There are, it appears, two Irish candidates in the hands of their friends. One of them is Aubrey De Vere, a contemporary, or nearly so, of Tennyson's, and undoubtedly a genuine, though undoubtedly also a minor poet. The other is Mr. Timothy D. Sullivan, M. P., of whom, in the capacity of poet, we have not the advantage of having heard before. Possibly one of them is the McCarthyite and the other the Parnellite candidate. It would be a dreadful business if race and nationality were to enter into the question of the succession. We are not aware of any Scotch candidate more formidable than Mr. Andrew Lang, but every third Welshman must be a bard, and if 'nationality' is 'considered,' as they say in the horse and dog shows, there will be many candidates for the honor of setting forth public proceedings in bunches of consonants. Perhaps the best way of settling the Irish claim would be to insert in the Home Rule bill a provision that Ireland should have her own Laureate, in which case the Saxon could be shown up in a manner more satisfactory than could be done by an English Laureate, even though he were an Irishman.'

'G. W. S.' writes as follows in the *Tribune* of last Sunday:—

'Singular, indeed, is the competition for the Laureateship which Tennyson's death leaves vacant. The first effect is to make clear the poetic poverty of the English world the poet leaves behind him. No name stands out; no one writer of verse is clearly designated as his successor in the vacant official post. Mr. Swinburne, in the critical opinion of the day, stands easily first among survivors, but it is not certain that Mr. Swinburne is a competitor. He has not rushed into newspaper print with a tribute to the dead. He has not announced himself as a candidate. He has respected the open grave. If his name has been less discussed than some others, it is partly because there have been circumstances in his private life which were thought to make him unacceptable. The Queen has a voice, and, it is said, a strong opinion about the appointment of a Poet-Laureate. Her regard for the one who has just gone has been expressed by messages of touching affection, and by the two wreaths—one from the friend and one from the sovereign—laid on his grave. She will not lightly consent to see his place filled by one in whom she has not full confidence. Indeed, it is not supposed that Mr. Swinburne's name will be put before her. Her alleged dislike to him may or may not find a source in his republicanism. It would be hard to blame a queen for withholding her regard from a singer who says she has no right to be a queen. And it is said that Mr. Swinburne has ceased, or almost ceased, to write. Once no poet poured forth verses in such profusion. But of late he and his muse have seemed on but ill terms.

'It is seriously believed that out of the half-dozen who present themselves to the public as suitable successors to Tennyson, two are regarded with peculiar favor in the two highest quarters. Mr. Lewis Morris is said to be regarded with favor by Mr. Gladstone, and Sir Theodore Martin by the Queen. Either of them would be a worthy successor, not indeed to Tennyson, but to some of Tennyson's predecessors—to Shadwell, perhaps, and to Hayley. Mr. Lewis Morris is in all respects a worthy person, full of laborious good intentions, who has striven long and hard against the decree of nature which denied to him the possession of poetic gifts. He is the author of two of the most ambitious of modern works in verse. The critical verdict that the work would have been better had the author taken more pains will never be pronounced against Mr. Lewis Morris. He has done what he could. It is not his fault if the result is no better. He has not hidden his talent in a napkin. He has bared it to the world. He has tried both poetry and politics, with equal ill-success. He was one of those who sang the death of Tennyson in stanzas which seemed meant to prove, if possible, that Mr. Lewis Morris was alive; alive in his poetical quality, and not merely as the individual or as the politician who had vainly sought to serve ungrateful constituencies in Parliament. He is a Gladstonian, and that is believed to recommend him to Mr. Gladstone. If the Prime Minister or the Queen cannot make a poet—to diversify the saying of King James—they can make a Laureate. If there be no true singer to fill this coveted post it can at least be given—should Mr. Gladstone have the giving of it—to somebody who is sound on Home Rule. It is not the first time that political opinions have served as a recommendation for poetical preferment, but it is perhaps the first in which they have been the only recommendation. But it is disputed whether the Prime Minister has a voice in the selection.

'Sir Theodore Martin's qualifications are more various. He has written a Life of the Prince Consort; he has published Ballads; he has translated "Faust"; he married Miss Helen Faucit; he is a Parliamentary solicitor in considerable practice, and he is in much favor at Court. He has one marked advantage over Mr. Lewis Morris—his writings in verse are less numerous. There are some thirty-five millions of Englishmen of whom the same thing may be said. Their claims might be pressed on other grounds and found not less valid if, in truth, the capacity to produce poetry be a condition of fitness to be Poet-Laureate.

'Another Morris, Mr. William Morris, if judged as a poet only, would leave Mr. Lewis Morris far behind in the race for the Laureateship. But Mr. William Morris has put himself out of court by his Socialism, as Mr. Swinburne has by his neglect of certain social ordinances. Mr. William Morris's politics are something more than the politics of the poor; they are the politics of Prudhon. He thinks property, in certain circumstances, robbery, and has publicly affirmed the right of the poor, in certain circumstances, to help themselves to the property of the rich. It is hard to imagine a man of these views as the tenant of a post which involves courtly duties.

'Sir Edwin Arnold might get the Laureateship if it were to be put to vote. The forty editions of the "Light of Asia" are so

many proofs of wide popularity. But, then, so is that curious language which, in a prose form, he and his colleagues of the *Daily Telegraph* have employed for so many years popular. Mr. Sala is popular, and there are perhaps as many readers who hold Mr. Sala to be a great prose-writer as who hold Sir Edwin Arnold to be a great writer of verse, or even a great poet. Not thus, however, is the laurel adjudged; not thus even the Laureateship.

'Of the elegies in verse upon Tennyson which appeared next morning in the public prints, Mr. Alfred Austin's was thought much the best, and Mr. Alfred Austin, too, is believed to aspire to succeed Tennyson as court poet. There is in his verse a manly note which inspires respect. He is neither thin nor tawdry. He writes strenuously and he writes English. There is true feeling in his lines, and much of what he has published bears the stamp of culture, of reflection, of intellectual energy. But inspiration is a different matter, should inspiration be held an indispensable condition to the possession of the Laureateship. On the whole, the view of the iconoclast who would abolish this post is one in favor of which something might be said. The difficulties about a new appointment would then disappear. But there is just now in this country a sort of mania for abolishing things, and it might be well to let some of the old institutions survive until new and better ones have been devised.'

TRIBUTES IN VERSE

THE DEAD SINGER

O songs that move us, when the singer dies,
  Heard loud above his grave,
Something immortal to your melodies
  The heart now silent gave.

Will death, who cannot hinder but you roll
  Around the world to-day,
To dust and ashes turn the fiery soul
  Whose spark you keep for aye?

EPIPHANIUS WILSON.

TENNYSON

[*Harper's Bazar*]

'*Sunset and evening star,*
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.'

There was no moaning of the bar,
  O singer lost from sight,
When out beyond our evening star,
  Death drifted thee to light.

Black was the pilot at the helm;
  Dark gloomed the hither shore;
But never wave could overwhelm
  The land that gleaned before.

Beyond these voices there is peace!
  Life fills thy cup this day!
From pain and weariness surcease
  They find who pass this way!

Oh! laurelled at the head and feet,
  We cannot call thee dead!
Our hearts repeat thy music sweet,
  And we are comforted.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

TENNYSON

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, OCTOBER 12, 1892

[*The Pall Mall Budget*]

Honor him—how?
  What bays, not his before,
Can we bring now?
  What one leaf left can more
Grace the dead brow
  Than those the living wore?

Honor him—where?
  All round the world his fame
Is full, where'er
  Is known the English name.
The blue round air
  Allows his starry claim.

Honor him—who?
  Have not all nations done
What lips can do
  To honor,—called him one
Of the great few,
  'Mid countless stars a sun?

Honor him—who?
  We, this day, of his land,
'Mid whom he grew
  To greatness,—let us stand
The last to do
  As with a brother's hand.

Honor him—where?
  Here where the poets wait.
We feign them there
  Astir; and contemplate
What greeting fair
  They give to one so great.

Honor him—how?
  By tears that overbrim;
By heads that bow
  In thankfulness to Him
Who did allow
  This light to days so dim.

E. W. BOURDILLON.

THE PASSING OF TENNYSON

[*The San Francisco Examiner*]

We knew it, as God's prophets knew;
  We knew it, as mute red men know,
When Mars leapt searching heaven through
  With flaming torch, that he must go.
Then Browning, he who knew the stars,
Stood forth and faced the insatiate Mars.

Then up from Cambridge rose and turned
  Sweet Lowell from his Druid trees—
Turned where the great star blazed and burned,
  As if his own soul might appease.
Yet on and on through all the stars
Still searched and searched insatiate Mars.

Then stanch Walt Whitman saw and knew;
  Forgetful of his 'Leaves of Grass,'
He heard his 'Drum Taps,' and God drew
  His great soul through the shining pass,
Made light, made bright by burnished stars,
Made scintillant from flaming Mars.

Then soft-voiced Whittier was heard
  To cease; was heard to sing no more;
As you have heard some sweetest bird
  No more because its song is o'er.
Yet brighter up the street of stars
Still blazed and burned and beckoned Mars.

And then the king came; king of thought,
  King David with his harp and crown. . . .
How wisely well the gods had wrought
  That these had gone and sat them down
To wait and welcome 'mid the stars
All silent in the sight of Mars.

All silent. . . . So, he lies in state. . . .
  Our redwoods drip and drip with rain. . . .
Against our rock-locked Golden Gate
  We hear the great sad sobbing main.
But silent all. . . . He walked the stars
That year the whole world turned to Mars.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

[*The Independent*]

The voice that late with music thrilled
The world, in silence now is stilled.
Or is our loss the larger gain
Of worlds new-wakened to his strain?

JOHN B. TABB.

ST. CHARLES COLLEGE, ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

Current Criticism

ZOLA'S PERPETUAL CANDIDACY.—There is a worthy tradesman of Dijon, Estivalet by name, whose hopefulness is not on a level with his ambition, as he has inscribed on his cards 'Candidat perpétuel de l'Académie Française,' thus implying that his previous candidatures have not made him sanguine of eventual success. Not so M. Zola: he does not intend to remain a candidate in perpetuity: in spite of the slender support accorded to him on his first to

be numbered among the Forty, he not only bears no malice against the Academicians who voted against him, but he is fashioning his handiwork so as to conciliate the prejudices of the majority of the Imperials among whom he intends to be welcomed as a colleague. Last April, beneath the dome of the Palais Mazarin, he listened blandly to the strictures passed by his successful rival, M. Pierre Loti, on the faults of the naturalistic school. His subsequent correspondence arising out of this *ex cathedrâ* attack was modelled on the mould of the soft answer so successfully that an excellent impression was created in his favor, and even ardent antagonists of naturalism protested that the author of 'Mon Frère Yves' had not acted with perfect good taste in attacking an unsuccessful candidate for the Academic palms at the moment of his own triumphant investiture. At that date, though 'La Débâcle' was written, and was appearing as the *feuilleton* of a popular journal, it had not been given to the public in complete form. When, a few weeks ago, the novel was published, it was found that though its subject was one which lends itself to naturalistic treatment of the most lurid order, and though the details of military life were depicted on naturalistic lines, yet the particular form of naturalism which has disfigured the page of Zola, even in the eyes of his sincerest admirers, was conspicuously absent. Whereas in the previous volume of the Rougon-Macquart series—in 'L'Argent,' which dealt with the lives and doings of stockbrokers and of company-promoters—one or two passages of revolting coarseness are dragged gratuitously into the narrative without having any necessary connection with its sequence or surroundings, in 'La Débâcle,' which treats of the horrors of war with microscopic detail, the author maintains an absolute silence on some of the worst features of a campaign which amateurs of the morbid and horrible would have expected M. Zola to make ghoulish and effective use of.—*The Athenæum.*

Notes

HAVING received official assurances that the law of Italy permits to American citizens the same copyright benefits that it confers upon Italian citizens, President Harrison proclaimed on Oct. 31 that Italians may hereafter copyright their works in this country, under the terms of the American law of March 3, 1891.

—Mr. Barrie's 'Little Minister' is to be issued soon by Lovell, Coryell & Co. in an *édition de luxe*, printed on large paper, and limited to 260 copies, numbered and signed. There will be an etched portrait of the author, nine etched illustrations, and an illuminated title-page.

—The sudden death of Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, who led a search for the remains of the Franklin Arctic expedition in 1878, is recorded in a telegram from Portland, Oregon, dated Nov. 2. Lieut. Schwatka was the author of 'Nimrod in the North,' 'Along Alaska's Great River' and 'The Children of the Cold,' besides being a frequent contributor to the magazines.

—Mr. Aldrich has written a poem, 'A Shadow of the Night,' for the holiday *Scribner's*, and Mr. Cable the true story of a West Indian slave insurrection.

—Macmillan & Co. announce a collection of papers by the late Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D., entitled 'The Lost Atlantis, and Other Ethnographic Studies'; also, 'The Last Touches, and Other Stories,' by Mrs. Wm. Kingdon Clifford, author of 'Aunt Anne' and 'The Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman.'

—Harper & Bros. publish this week 'Prue and I,' by George William Curtis, with 100 illustrations by Albert E. Sterner, the introduction being facsimiled from Mr. Curtis's manuscript; 'Daisy Miller' and 'An International Episode,' by Henry James, illustrated by H. W. McVickar; 'The Praise of Paris,' by Theodore Child, illustrated; 'A Tour Around New York,' by John F. Mines ('Felix Oldboy'), illustrated; 'Along New England Roads,' by W. C. Prime; 'An Earthly Paragon,' a novel, by Eva Wilder McGlasson, illustrated by F. V. Du Mond; and a revised edition of William Black's 'Macleod of Dare.'

—Dr. Dvorak, Director of the National Conservatory, writes to Mrs. Thurber that the number of compositions submitted to the Conservatory in competition for prizes is so great that he will be unable to announce the result of his examination of them until March 14.

—It is only a few weeks since the cholera scare was making fools of many people in the neighborhood of New York, and sufferers of many others; yet so completely have more urgent matters (chiefly political) diverted attention from the subject, that Dr. Jenkins's article on 'Quarantine in New York' and Mr. Wiman's estimate of 'What the Cholera Costs Commerce,' in the current *North American Review*, have a belated aspect quite unusual to the contents of that magazine.

—'The Literary History of the Victorian Era,' a work upon which Mrs. Oliphant has been engaged for some time, will soon be brought out in this country by the United States Book Company. The same firm announce the immediate publication of W. E. Norris's novel, 'His Grace.'

—Mr. J. H. Gubbin, of the British Legation, Tokio, Japan, has completed the third and final volume of his 'Dictionary of Chinese-Japanese Words.' Since her contact with Christianity and western civilization, Japan has been obliged to double her vocabulary of terms, and even a native who spoke his own tongue fluently in 1855 could not be understood in public discourse to-day were he to venture beyond merely domestic themes. Mr. Gubbin's scholarly work is printed on wide-margined pages with extreme care.

—S. G. Griggs & Co. will shortly issue a translation, by Mrs. Mary Bushnell Coleman, of the 'Youth of Frederick the Great,' by M. Ernest Lavisse of the Sorbonne, Paris, recently elected to the Academy.

—The illustrated Bible Dictionary in the standard Japanese language, by J. C. Hepburn, M.D., an American medical missionary living in Japan since 1859, is just out. It is—as a mechanical product, paper, type, binding, maps (all but the cuts)—wholly Japanese. In literary style it is an eclectic condensation from many volumes, with much original matter, put into Yamato, or pure Japanese language.

—'Literary Tramps,' in the October *Macmillan's*, is by a lady of Cambridge, Mass., Mrs. Margaret B. Wright, who is known among her friends to be, not so good a walker as Dorothy Wordsworth, but a better one than Bridget Elia.

—*The Atlantic* promises several interesting letters by Mr. Lowell.

—The Cupples Co. announce for immediate publication 'Heinrich Heine: his Wit, Wisdom, Poetry,' edited by Newell Dunbar, and preceded by Matthew Arnold's essay on Heine; 'The Real and Ideal in Literature,' by Frank Preston Stearns, translator of Von Holst's 'John Brown'; and 'Txleama: a Tale of Ancient Mexico,' by J. A. Knowlton.

—Mr. Theodore Bent's 'Ruined Cities of Mashonaland,' to be brought out by Longmans, Green & Co. at once, will contain upward of 100 illustrations, besides maps and plans, and will enter into minute details concerning the cities and fortresses of the earliest gold-diggers of the world, dating back centuries before Christ. Mr. Bent's expedition was set on foot by Mr. Cecil Rhodes and the Chartered Company of South Africa, and at the great Zimbabwe mines they stopped some months for excavations. Besides archæological points, the book will touch at length on the habits and customs of the inhabitants of Mashonaland, amongst whom the party, which included Mrs. Bent, lived for seven months.

—Among the forthcoming publications of Longmans, Green & Co., not previously mentioned here, are Canon H. Scott Holland's 'Pleas and Claims for Christ,' 'The Church in Relation to Sceptics,' by the Rev. Alexander J. Harrison, and a new volume of Sermons by Bishop Ashton Oxenden.

—Whittier's homestead is now owned by a retired merchant of Haverhill, who is willing to sell the estate on condition that it shall be properly and permanently cared for as a memorial of the poet.

—*The American Athenæum*, a literary monthly projected by Mitchells', will begin to appear this month. G. A. Sala will contribute to the first number some 'Gossip of the Month,' W. J. Henderson will write of Tennyson, H. P. Du Bois of Renan, and Alex. Fullerton of theosophy. The name of the new periodical is not altogether auspicious. When *The Critic* was in its infancy it was 'set up' from type formerly used in printing a so-called *American Athenæum*. May the new venture prove more prosperous!

—'Has it been explained in print,' asks 'Argus,' 'that the Brontës's Keighley is pronounced *Keithley*, or more nearly *Keithla*?'

—*Peterson's Magazine* of Philadelphia, passing under a new management, is to be converted into an illustrated periodical devoted to literature and art, under the title of *The New Peterson Magazine*. It will have as its editor Frank Lee Benedict, and as its associate editors Octave Thanet, M. G. McClelland and Howard Seely.

—A correspondent sends *The Publishers' Circular* the following interesting particulars of a recent visit to Count Leo Tolstoi:—

Some time ago I was visiting Count Leo Tolstoï, who was then living in the Province of Riasan on the estate of his old friend, the late Ivan Ivanovitch Royeffsky. While I was there the Count showed me a large MS. diary, in which he noted down daily anything that he deemed worthy of notice. He said, 'You must not read it nor ask me for any extracts, as nothing that is in this book is to see the light of

publicity till after my death. Besides which,' he added, and a merry twinkle lit up his eyes, 'I have just written something about you which you must not see. Later in the day his daughter, the young Countess Marie, told me that I ought to feel highly privileged at being allowed even a sight of the almost sacred volume. I have just heard that this great diary, which is really an autobiography, has been handed over to the Curator of the Rumyantsoff Museum on condition that it shall not be published until ten years after the author's death. The Count is still engaged on his new work, from which I have heard him read a couple of sentences to illustrate some theory he was then discussing. I begged him to read me some further extracts, but he declined, saying that he was afraid I might write too much to the English papers about it. Tolstoï's charitable work during the famine period of last winter, and again during the recent invasion of cholera, has interfered sadly with his literary work, much to the regret of the Countess, his wife.

Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Alert Stories. 8 vols. $2. Hunt & Eaton.
An Exquisit e Fool. 50c. Harper & Bros.
A. R. G. Night Etchings. $1.25. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Black, W. Macleod of Dare. Harper & Bros.
Bailey, M. A. American Mental Arithmetic. 35c. Am. Book Co.
Barnes, M. S. Studies in American History. 60c. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Brown, C. B. Wieland; or, The Transformation. 75c. Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Calmettes, F. A Fisher Girl of France. $1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Champney, E. W. Witch Winnie's Studio. $1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Child, T. The Praise of Paris. Harper & Bros.
Church, A. J. Stories from the Greek Comedians. $1. Macmillan & Co.
Corona Aurea. Catholic Music compiled by A. H. Rosewig. O. Ditson Co.
Coe, F. E. Modern Europe. Book V. Ed. by L. Dunton. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Davidson, T. O'er Cranbourne's Oaks. 20c. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Dale, D. The Little Doctor. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Davis, R. H., and others. The Great Streets of the World. $4. C. Scribner's Sons.
Dodge, T. A. Cæsar. $2. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Douglas, A. M. Sherburne House. $1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Evans, E. E. Story of Kaspar Hauser. $1.75. Macmillan & Co.
Emerson, L. O. Mass in E Flat. O. Ditson Co.
Ewing, J. H. Jackanapes. $2. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Ferree, B. Comparative Architecture. New York: Privately printed.
Fenn, G. M. Gil the Gunner. $2. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Frederick the Great, Battles of. Ed. by C. Ransome. $1.50. C. Scribner's Sons.
Ford, S. U. R. Star Thoughts. $1 per hundred copies. Hunt & Eaton.
Ford, S. U. R. Autumn Wreaths. 10c. per copy. Hunt & Eaton.
Ger. In the Crowd. 20c. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Gilmour, J., of Mongolia, Diaries and letters of. Ed. by R. Lovett. $1.75. F. H. Revell Co.
Gordy, W. F., and Twitchell, W. I. A Pathfinder in American History. Part I. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Harland, H. Mea Culpa. 50c. Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Hawthorne, N. Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys. $3. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Herron, G. D. The Call of the Cross 75c. F. H. Revell Co.
Hegel. Logic. Tr. by W. Wallace. $2.50. Macmillan & Co.
Henley, W. E., and Stevenson, R. L. Three Plays. $2. C. Scribner's Sons.
Henderson, F. By the Sea. London: T. F. Unwin.
Holmes, O. W. Dorothy Q. $1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Howerton, G. T. Short Talks on Character Building. $1. Fowler & Wells Co.
Hoare, E. N. The Conroy Cousins. $1.50. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Huribut, J. L., and Doherty, R. R. Illustrative Notes on Sunday-school Lessons. $1.25. Hunt & Eaton.
James, B. W. Alaskana. Phila.: Porter & Coates.
James, H., Jr. Daisy Miller. Harper & Bros.
Jerome, I. E. Sun Prints in Sky Tints. $3. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Jones, H. Here and Elsewhere. 80c. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Joseph. History of. 25c. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
Lanza, C., and Harvey, J. C. Scarabæus. $1.25. Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Landor, W. S. Poems and Dialogues in Verse. Ed. by C. G. Crump. 2 vols. $2.50. Macmillan & Co.
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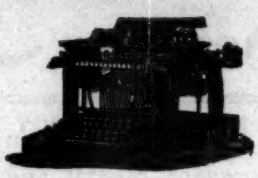

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